

# AMERICAN LANCASTER GAZETTE.

"WHEN THE PRESS COMPROMISES TRUTH, IT CEASES TO BE THE GUARDIAN OF LIBERTY."

NEW SERIES—VOL. 7, NO. 15.

LANCASTER, OHIO, THURSDAY MORNING, AUGUST 11, 1859.

ESTABLISHED IN 1826

## The Lancaster Gazette.

CLARKE & SUTHERN,  
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

OFFICE—Martin's Row, one door South  
of the Post-Office.

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## Want to be an Editor.

(Some unapologetic individuals who have only  
the bright side of things, give vent to his aspirations  
to this wise. May he never be deceived.)

I wish I was an editor.  
I really do indeed.

They get the biggest and the best  
of everything that comes.

When a sum of money is sent  
to the editor, it is sent to the editor.

The largest pumpkin the longest best,  
and other garden stuff.

The biggest bug will speak to them,  
No matter how they dress.

At last! I have found a way to be  
an editor. I have found a way to be  
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## son of society—and some choose to remain

in the only home they have ever known.

These become "cadets," and assistants.

One of the principles most rigidly ad-  
hered to, and with the most happy effect,  
is that of inflicting punishment as a calm

public judgment sometime after the of-  
fense—not under the excitement of the

provocation. In the evening hour devoted  
to moral training, the conduct of the youth  
is reviewed and the rewards and punish-

ments dealt out with equal fairness,  
and kindness. On every Sunday morn-

ing the principal holds a moral review of  
the week just past—when he passes judg-

ment on cases reserved for his decision, and  
talks to the boys in a gentle, fatherly way,  
giving them counsel and encouragement,

as well as reproof.

The farm and household labor is nearly  
all performed by the boys under the super-

vision of the Elder Brothers, who do not  
stand over them like armed prison wardens

silent and stern, but assist them with ad-  
vice and the help of their hands. Idleness

is held up, as not the least among the  
"seven deadly sins"—as a vice not to be

tolerated or excused. Little except do-  
mestic and agricultural labor has as yet

been attempted, but various mechanical  
employments are soon to be established.

Much almost all has been accomplished,  
when young idlers and vagrants have been

made to realize that labor is honorable and  
holy—that the sweat of honest toil is puri-

fying to the soul—the baptism of nature.

A common school education is given to  
each inmate. But education here means

more than this. It means education in  
manners, at the table, in the school room

and dormitory—it means the acquirement  
of habits of politeness, and kindly consid-

eration toward each other, and of respect-  
ful courtesy toward their superiors. It

means instruction in music, that divine  
harmonizer and humanizer—instruction in

gymnastics, swimming and other manly  
exercises—and above all it means constant

teaching, counsel, and example in reli-

gion.

There is service in the school hall every  
Sunday morning, and that the other

hours of the day may not prove irksome to  
the boys, the teachers are accustomed to

take them out for long walks on the Farm.  
The beautiful scenery, the pure air, the

green grass, flowers, foliage, truck-roads,  
and bird-warblings are said to be keenly

enjoyed by the poor boys—many of whom  
come from the gloomy cells of jails, or the

damp courts and reeking alleys of the low-  
est quarters of the city. When they look

around on hill and meadow, and a green  
billowy stretch of grain fields, they resolve

never again to lurk like beasts in dens of  
crime and squalor—when God is feasting

His world with sunshine, they think, with  
a shudder, of the meagre rations of light

which once came to them through grated  
prison windows.

The lads are encouraged to talk, and  
ask questions about anything which they

see, or anything which occurs to stimulate  
inquiry or thought—and the Principal and

## proofs and commendations are given, re-

wards and punishments awarded. Some-

times the boys are called upon to pass  
judgment on one of their number, and

though they are inclined to lean to Mer-  
cy's side, there is evident a touching effort

to be just and true.

Each boy is frankly conversed with, in  
regard to his feelings and conduct during

the day and advised to leave in his diary,  
a record of some fact learned, or tempta-

tion resisted.

After the moral examination, an Elder  
Brother reads to the boys something ap-  
propriate to the day's employment, or the

season, explaining whatever may need ex-  
planation, or encourages them to read

aloud stories or poems of their own selec-

tion.

At nine o'clock there is family worship  
and then with kindly good-nights and

cheerful faces, that assembly of human  
waifs disperses to their beds.

I am glad to see by the Report, that  
corporal punishment has never yet been

resorted to. Solitary confinement for the  
worst offenses, has thus far, proved a sal-

utary and sufficient corrective. The cul-

prit in confinement is not left to lonely de-  
spair, or uninterrupted sullen broodings,

his Elder Brother visits him daily, and  
by kindly talk and gentle treatment, strives

to convince him that the punishment is not  
an angry return for his evil doing, but is

inflicted reluctantly for his benefit and the  
good-order of the School.

Notwithstanding the conscientious vigi-

lance of the officers, escape from the Farm  
is comparatively easy, and some foolish

boys have availed themselves of the op-  
portunity to steal back into the peril and

poverty from which they have been rescu-  
ed. All of these have been retaken or

have voluntarily returned, except one.

On a late visit to Ohio, I met Mr.  
Charles Reemelin, the Acting Commis-

sioner of the Institution, and truly the  
brave, earnest, philanthropic, soul of the

enterprise. Among many interesting an-  
ecdotes of the pupils he related one of a

boy, who at one time they were about to  
give up as utterly hopeless and unredem-

able. As near as I can recollect, it was  
as follows:

The lad was a desperate character, who  
had been sent to the Farm from the Pen-

itentiary, and who proved sullen, obstinate  
and untractable. On the first opportunity,

he ran away—was retaken, returned  
and ran away the second time. Again he

was caught and brought back, and on at-  
tempting to escape a third time, Mr. Reem-

elin had his neat Reform Farm clothes ta-  
ken off him and his old zebra prison服

put on him. Then bringing him before  
the whole school, he talked to him with

all the severity of which his kindly nature  
is capable—showing to him his egregious

folly in thus persisting in running away  
from a comfortable home and friends, to

## service, promising no worldly honor, or

gain, nor any sort of romantic or poetic

inspiration. It is a narrow sphere of un-  
remitting, unvarying care, watchfulness

and toil. It is a work of voluntary slave-  
ry of monotonous mental drudgery.

What to this is the labor of foreign mis-

sionaries—great and arduous as that often  
is? Though they are in the midst of the

heathen, they have not the heathen ways  
with them—upon them. They can gener-

ally hold what they gain. The pagan gods  
are not so jealous, have not so tight a

grasp on their worshippers as the devils of  
our corrupt civilization. Neither are

they so cunning and indefatigable in re-  
claiming their lost subjects.

When the missionary in Oriental lands  
goes weary he can fly to the mountains,

or lie down by the sacred rivers, or in the  
shade of palms and pyramids to rest. Or

he can rouse his drooping energies, like  
the good Bishop of Cyrene, by an ostrich

chase, or stir his languid blood by the ti-  
tanic sport of an elephant or lion hunt.

If in Palestine he faints and sinks to the  
earth, it seems to me that the touch of

that soil, followed by the footprints of  
Christ and the Apostles must renew his

strength—causing him to spring up like  
Anteus, fresh for the fight with any Her-

cules of heathendom.

In the South Seas the dreamy charm of  
tropical life soothes the restless heart; in

the far North, keen primeval airs and sub-

lime polar splendors brace up the courage  
and inspire the soul in Western wilds, per-

ils, adventures, privations even keep the  
mind healthy and brave; and everywhere

in foreign lands, strange scenery, customs  
and people interest the imagination and

stimulate the heroic, philanthropic purpose  
—preventing discouragement and disgust,

the moral torpor, the painless pain, the  
smothered agony of *ennui*.

Here, as I have shown, are no such out-  
ward sustenements and inspirations. The

heroic soul must labor on very quietly, in  
God's patience, while he may. All honor

to such an endurance to the end—and no blame  
to those whose heart fail them, in a work

which would tax angelic attributes of love  
and wisdom. Ah, who of us would do

better!

I trust, dear G——, that you have  
been interested in this account—imperfect

as it is; and I hope you rejoice with me,  
that there has been prepared such a safe

asylum, such a happy home for even a  
few of that wretched class of boys—orphans

and worse than orphans, neglected step-

children of society, ignorant and vicious,  
which are the saddest product of the hea-

thenism and barbarism which grow rank  
in the very shadow of our Christianity and

civilization.

May God keep the boys—strengthen  
their failing knees as they climb painfully

and slow up the steep unfamiliar path of  
virtue. May angels lead and lift them to-  
ward the upper light and peace, and may

## Mount Calvary at the Present Day.

James Brooks, Esq., senior editor of  
the New York Express, has been traveling

to Palestine, and contributes to his paper  
very interesting sketches of that which is

to be seen there. His long experience as an  
editor of a daily paper, giving him and

editorial skill, gives his sketches especial  
interest. We take from one of the following

sketches of the site of the crucifixion as seen at the pre-  
sent day:

"Nothing is visible—nothing at all, of  
the original Calvary—if this be Calvary.

Marble covers all the original rock, save  
in some very few places, where a peep

can be had through the marble erections  
created to give the peep. The whole looks

like a series of churches or chapels—  
with the usual altars and the candles of

the Catholic Churches of Greece and Rome.  
The priests of all the religions here show

up everything spoken of in the Scripture  
—the exact place where Christ appeared

to Mary Magdalene in the likeness of a gar-  
den; then a few feet further is the place

where Mary stood; then, where our Lord  
appeared to Mary; then, a fragment of a

porphyry column, called the column of  
Flagellatus, being a piece of that to which

the Savior was bound when scourged by  
Order of Pilate; then the prison where

Christ was confined previous to the an-  
nunciation; then, the exact place where the

true cross was dug up under the watchful  
eye of St. Helena—place of especial

sanctity, where the very rocks weep now  
(the place is under ground and damp) in

mourning memory; then the very column  
of grey marble on which the Jews made

our Savior sit while they crowned him  
with thorns, and mocked him; then the

very place where the cross was fixed; then,  
the spot where Christ was nailed to the

cross; then, where the Virgin Mary stood  
during the crucifixion, &c. &c. Every

historical point of the New Testament  
here in Jerusalem has not only a name, but

local habitation; say Moslem invention  
and fancy are not thus content, but they

wander back to the beginning of time,  
here on the grounds of the holy Scripture

—the centre of the earth, and the spot  
even whence was taken the clay from

which Adam was modeled! Fancy and  
Fetion and Romance thus revel, and so

extraordinary is the whole operation, that  
one rejoices at last that this is not Calvary

—this is not Golgotha—this is not the  
place of the holy Sepulchre, and that for

very purpose the Almighty had veiled in  
secrecy the spot where he sacrificed

His only Son.

FLINT SOUP.  
AN OLD STORY IN A NEW DRESS.

[The Zouaves have to father a good  
many old jokes and stories. The follow-

ing, which we read a good many years ago,  
has been received, and one of these indi-

viduals made the hero of it. It is good,  
however, and will bear a resurrection.]